

Temperance Songs.

It took us Tippecanoe boys of 1840, among our many good deeds, to teach the Temperance men how to carry on a campaign. The Washingtonians proved apt scholars; they caught the idea at once, and are now proceeding upon it gloriously. Mischievous audiences will sometimes tire of good Speeches, but of Songs well sung, never. And the Washingtonians have capital new Songs to inspiring old melodies, that did good service in 1840, as well as long before. As many of our readers may not be able to procure the new Songs readily, we have just bought all the books we can find, and herewith present a selection of such Songs as, either for themselves or the Airs to which they are arranged, less please us. They are as follows:

THE LIGHT OF TEMPERANCE.

Air.—*Twilight Dew*.

When first I saw the gleaming crest
Of twilight dew, I said—
I watched it till its radiance blent;
I blushed the world afar;
It rose in glory, and says—
She's bright at morn and even,
And bright at eve, when day is over;
Oh Earth! how glad hast thou been!
I trust in thy glori-keeping light,
While for the Earth the clouds of night
No longer darkly hang;
And those bright rays of heavenly birth,
To evermore bring glad relief;
To him that cometh from the Earth,
And point his way to Heaven.
Oh! that bright and shining light
Still beam the whole world o'er;
To guide man's wavering footsteps right,
The Time shall be no more.
And then when Death the King of Life
From earth will call me home,
There will be no glad relief;
To you bring I home in Heaven.

RUM-SELLERS' LAMENT.

Air.—*Odeur what on the water be?*
Oh! dear, what on the water be?
Odeur what can the master be?
What have they done with my customers?
What shall I do with my Rum?

The Washingtonians are playing the diction. The night of confusion around me now thickens—Unless the Rummen come, we'll be out of quicks—We'll have to leave to eat with our Rum.

Chorus. On, on, on.

I used to get rich through the teaching Merchants, Who spent all his earnings in pleasure Satanic, But now I confess I am in a great panic;
Because I can sell no more Rum.

And it's on, on, on.

My customers once to my bar-room were flocking, Some without Coat, or Hat, or Stocking;
But now I don't dare to look shocking,
I can't expose myself to my Rum.

And it's on, on, on.

Condemned in Satan my wife and my daughter;
But now they wear Gallic! What is the matter?
They've given up their Rum for the sake of cold water;
On which I can sell no more Rum.

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